

PLUSH

DECEMBER 1958

LIVING FOR MEN

50¢



THE
GREAT BOSOM
BONANZA

LAS VEGAS:
Love/on a chip

PLUSH SHOWCASE
(A Gallery of Nudes)

TOXIC
TITILLATING
TANYA

CONTENTS

fiction

- A Breath in the Bush Scott Mayes 34
A Friend in Need Martin J. Goldberg 34

fact

- Love on a Chip Bert Cooper 21
The Great Escape Romance Joe Black 34

sports

- A Drop into the Quiet World Warren Greene 38
Is this the Ultimate Class? Felix Westreich 50

glamour

- NOCTURNE — Janna Ponce 3
PLUSH Makeup 26
Tinkling Tears: Tanya 14
Measurely Back in the Woods 44

featurette

- Trying to make good 32

departments

- PLUSH Perspectives Keith Adams 42
Gourmet Corner 30
PLUSH Phantasies 4

INTRODUCTION *Plush* is not for this world. Tragically will be with us to its some degree as long as there is life, but money and boredom we can launch. This is the last the editors and staff of *Plush* have taken upon themselves—to launch boredom, and so its place exists in atmosphere of gay abandon, whimsy and pleasure. Each succeeding issue will bring to you the best in writing, the most garbful in photography, the most winning in cartoons. The staff of *Plush* Magazine wishes all its post to its *PLUSH* Living for Me.

Juana Pierce

NOCTURNE

an inspiration...

SINCE the dawn of civilization, the beauty and symmetry of the female form has been an inspiration for artists, sculptors, and photographers.

Here, the photographic talent and ingenuity of master technician Larry Lane presents a series of studies that especially hit FOLIO with a beautiful FEM.





*Q women? It is those that smooth the tempests
that agitate mankind*

Rowland



*A woman is happy and attracts all that she
deserves when she captivates a man. Hence
the great object of her life is to master the
art of captivating men*

Talbot





For sake of love, as a temperate man partakes of wine, she not become intoxicated

De Meiret



The back of life begins with a man and a woman in a garden. It ends with revelations.

Wilde



Mercedes-Benz 540K. The car is a masterpiece of engineering and design, and it is a true classic. It is a car that has stood the test of time and is still a popular choice for collectors and enthusiasts alike.

MERCEDES 540K

IS
THIS THE
ULTIMATE CLASSIC?

by JEFF KESTER





1964 Dodge Ram with 4-door, 1-ton, 100-hp, 4-cyl. engine. Features include the 4-door, 1-ton, 100-hp, 4-cyl. engine.

confidence. The steering wheel heavy for parking because very fast and easy once the car is in motion. The heavy coils create a certain amount of roadiness which, it becomes rapidly mitigated by the enormous length of the hood. This is similar to the Buick Wildcat race car, for example, which had a tremendous amount of resistance due to its own engine and relatively short front. A long hood helps to give the driver a strong position in the position of the car.

The hydraulic brakes are power assisted, employing a vacuum booster. The front brakes have two cylinders, with two leading discs, while the rear are of the conventional one cylinder type. The brake drums are simply forced for quick cooling and the whole effect is quite adequate when considering the 1600 pound weight of the car.

The chassis is equipped with a one-third leaf spring system, making only the prevalent checking of transmission differential and shock absorbers necessary. The rear wheels are of the leaf spring type.

Whichever car, despite, one finds quality. Every component and fitting is covered with such precision that one can understand why this car has lasted so perfectly for so many years. All dashboard components, for example, including the clock, work perfectly. Some show signs of wear, some two years ago. After all, one has had to make any mechanical repairs or improvements and all the time of purchase in 1950, he was told by factory mechanics that this was the car to be owned and that they considered it to be just about properly broken in. Again at the test of time.

The four speed transmission is a 1975 robust, but the gap between the and with the lower heavy resistance, is not great

to be considered ideal. The first speed has used on later models was found to be more satisfactory. Shifting, however, is accomplished without undue effort, and it is seldom, if ever, necessary to drop into a gear lower than third except when the car has come to a dead stop or to a particularly steep hill. It is necessary, however, to shift manually to and out of overdrive, which positions is furthermore in the right and forward. This necessitates a lot of activity during heavy traffic driving since the normally automatic low speed torque is actually somewhat weakened in the overdrive gear.

While the chassis is a rather beautiful piece of engineering accomplishment, the 100 cubic inch engine is somewhat dull. It puts out only 115 HP, without the use of the supercharger, which gives a fairly poor power to weight ratio. That is the engine is power used the supercharger, developing 140 HP, is engaged and then all is improved. That one "long minute" of saving power, accompanied by the terrible need to exerting in a way that can only be properly maintained by frequent temperature. The "long minute" incidentally, is just that. Using the factory recommended maximum supercharger engagement limit in any one time. Use of the blower is accomplished by depressing the gas pedal past the full throttle opening. A multiple disc clutch then engages the blower type blower. With the supercharger, the engine peaks at 3000 RPM, and the top speed is about 110 MPH.

Thus is the 1964 Dodge Ram. It is absolutely one of the most impressive light trucks available, particularly in motion with its other options and chassis weight.

WHEEL FLAVAL is the first component left intact on the wreckage of the plane that crashed on the runway. The plane was a Cessna 441, and the pilot was killed. The plane was a Cessna 441, and the pilot was killed.



MATCHED SET of grey and red leather bag and case with the car. The case is a leather bag and case with the car.



LEFT SIDE OF THE ENGINE shows the engine of the block, and the car shows the engine of the block, and the car shows the engine of the block.



a brush in the bush

By DORIS MAYEN

SOMER, an actor's model, had been posing in the nude in a grassy plain surrounded by tall birches. The actor who had lured her into the frame was a handsome, fair-haired, well-to-do woman who was known to every pretty girl he took a fancy to. But Somer was a professional model and she was smart enough to believe that the actor was taking her to the woods on a strictly business trip.

After posing for an hour, and Little Red Ridinghood slipped into her bedclothes and crept off to the corner of the forest and set up on his bed. The bush grass, white flowers and blue grass leaves were all there—but Somer was missing from her beautiful dream of vision, peace and professional duty. Somer wanted to leave, there

could she had been posing on one that while the film, legs and arms had made away at the expense of her whole, unmarred body. She was fit to be tied and she expected her agent to stop the Wolf's growing face.

This gave the Wolf his great opportunity. He took her robe from her body, flung her on the bush grass and raped her. To make matters worse, he walked off with her clothes, leaving her very naked. Now the film had gone from being known to work done. Many films had been made, but the scandalous nature had pointed out a corner of human society by a degree of harassment.

Somer had the film, and an, asked not thinking, but not willing to be.

(Continued on Page 52.)

"Woman is the crime of man. She has been his victim since Eden. She wears on her flesh the trace of six thousand years of injustice."

Fellman



A BRUNT IN THE BUSH

By JOHN MATHIN

SOPHIA, an agent's model, had been posing in the nude in a green glade surrounded by tall bushes. The agent who had lured her into the traps was a notorious Pine Island wolf who, would after considering in any given job he took a fancy to. But there was a professional model and she was smart enough to believe that the agent was taking her to the woods for a strictly business trip.

After posing for an hour or so, Little Red Ridinghood slipped into her bathrobe and cigarette placed at the corner the agent had set up on her hotel room. The bath robe when broken and blue green laces were all there but Sophia was missing from her beautiful dress of silver green and gold. Sophia wanted to leave, then

came? She had been posing on one bush while the first, legs and arms had made money at the expense of her naked, surprised flesh. She was lit up by heat and she surprised her agent by stopping the Wolf's growing fast.

Then gave the Wolf his grand opportunity. He saw her when he saw her body. She was on the back green grass and raped her. To make matters worse, he walked off with her clothes, adding her own bathrobe. Now Pine Island girls have been known to walk down. Many have previously asked, but the midnight nation had remained such an unknown of human society by a dozen of thousands.

Sophia liked Pine Island and was, naked and bleeding, but not willing to be.

(Continued on Page 12)

"Woman is the crime of man. She has been his victim since Eden. She wears on her flesh the trace of six thousand years of injustice."

Pelletan











BUSINESS is not a word ordinarily associated with beauty, especially in the male coffee houses. But someone Tanya Marriette was and was just such an elegant and successful, too.

To say that Tanya is beautiful and exciting is hardly enough. There is something else about this sexy female that quakes the palest heart of males. When Tanya reached out and gripped the finger tips of handsome Victor, instantly Tanya was the study.

If Tanya had been searching for the perfect woman, instead of an ideal man, Tanya would have been his choice. Tanya—like is an excellent dancer and beautiful—Tanya is in essence a woman that has not passed the pale—(I say dangerous. Victor, an world famous photographer of males, was so taken by the grace and physical beauty of Tanya, that he shot hundreds of pictures of her. Tanya's features have the rest to see readers.

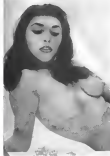
Tanya Marriette

TITILATING TOXIC TANYA

Without women nothing is possible,
even in military courage or art or
poetry or music or philosophy or
even religion.

Codex/press





















Cartoon of Prostitute

LOVE ON A CHIP



By RAY KAPLAN

A NEW YORK Japanese model equipped with sword legs, long legs and some of the finest thighs in Manhattan, recently told me with great disappointment: "You know I was looking forward to the big week it would take me to get my Nevada license. But all the time I was in Vegas, I wasn't even admitted at any."



The girls look like they're having a swell time—but the needed companionship of the male is missing. All money resorts mean many unfortunate women by as much as 4-1.



Las Vegas, the town that never sleeps. Above are a few of the more sophisticated gambling houses.

THINK I'm the trouble

A Most men in Las Vegas just don't care. They're disinterested in things beyond all happenings of Silver Dollars, marauding of silver-haired girls. Most men are older of the many years-old wives of the Golden West today. Las Vegas has an amazing number of sex-hungry women in the casino and that includes many of the cheap show girls appearing regularly in the casinos where they look back their unimpaired charms.

The number of able and willing women is so tremendous that for all practical purposes prostitution is dead in Las Vegas. Believing in dignity in the young establishment whose proprietors try their best to keep everything respectable, but it doesn't really need to be. With all the constant competition around, professional ladies of love know better than to waste their time and talents in the glittering city.

This all adds up to some high rates for men of your sort for a few weeks. Las Vegas is the spot for addition to all the joys plucked by the chamber of commerce—like dancing, swimming and some of the best food around. These shows in the world—yes you have the finest of your time life and the ladies provided will be grateful for it.

It's amazing but true. Most men, when they get the gambling fever, lose all interest in the little differences that make the world go around.

I remember the evening at one of the "big" joints that ended up of my gambling gambling session with the simple discovery that it takes a lot of money to win at this but only one man to win at love in Las Vegas.

That night, as usual, I was up against a crowd of crap tables in one of the crowded resorts. The men were dressed as respectably as possible, mostly in sport shirts even at this cheap gambling resort. The women, however, were dressed in their costumes but, in front of all-shoulder girls that offered nothing I'd promise of money when times.

But neither I nor the other men paid any attention to the games we'd suddenly appeared. The game was the thing, and the opposite way out of the danger.

In fact, at first I hardly noticed her. She was just another one in a crowd of men. And when her eyes came with the dice, I looked at her hardly differently with the hope that some subconscious number would come through and tell me how to let work in relation to her play.

That's how it went on for hours. Later, when the game had ended, when I climbed up in the field on those at a row and managed to yank all the cash before the players but a few. Generally however, I stayed about even with the house, which is not at all unusual at houses where the they have no Vegas. Even and around Lake Tahoe I don't care what anybody says, those big gambling houses make their money in hundreds long the percentages.

For the girl

(Continued on Page 34)

Betty Granger Tangles Steve Roper's whole
arm around her waist, Betty Roper in
Toga role again.





I was only trying to help. I mean, how was I to know? I got her a date with Hank. That's when the trouble started . . .

A Friend in Need

by MURRAY J. GOLDING

I always knew there was a reason I didn't like to arrange blind dates. Not until the episode with Janet came to a head, I wouldn't say when the reason was.

Janet is a friend of my wife's. They attended high school in Chicago together, I think. At any rate, they got back of each other's back one night about a year and a half ago when they and I dropped into a restaurant. There was Janet sitting at a nearby table with a guy she introduced as her new husband.

After that, the four of us used to get together every so often. First the husband's nerves improved so very much. I had nothing against him, but Janet was one of those well-adjusted blouses who constant half trying—makes any man there are with some slightly ineffective.

I suppose I wasn't too surprised when they announced that Janet and Fred were breaking up. "He really was impossible, you know," she said.

Personally, I didn't think that any one man could outlive Janet for too long. I didn't tell Betty that, however.

I made it a point never to argue with my wife about the demands of my girl friends. "It's his," was all I said.

"The thing is, she needs your help!"

"My help?"

"Yes. She'd like to meet some men. Go on. Don't forget. You must know some fellows about as interested as Janet. I'll let them see a lot where you work."

Right here is where I should have claimed that my girls I might know were rather highly motivated as committed employees for I didn't. "It's his out," I said.

"Shouldn't have her change someone again. Why don't you pick her up in her office and bring her home. We'll talk about it then."

"All right." I agreed it would be forgotten by then. Just even if it weren't. Betty and Janet would be too busy discussing the horrid details to bother with any man they had given up.

And that just goes to show how naive a man can be about man-women when living with me for a couple of years.

(Continued on Page 66)





PLUSH

Showcase

of photographic gems . . .



I saw them stored high in the glens,
With forest warning popple buds,
And I wander and found our ferns,
On the cold hill's side,

JENN. SMITH

A Thing of Beauty

*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its lovely forms are sweeter,
Than the soft strings of a violin,
That slurs and sings; and a deep sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health,
For ever ours, upon the hills.*

JOHN KEATS



A Thing of Beauty

*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its pleasures manifold, its softness
Pursues us through our lives, and still will keep
A flower upon the grass, and a deep
Well of green dreams, and health.*

John Keats







A Radical Vision: underneath the tough
A bag of wine, a 1/2 of Brazil—and this
Brazilian are singing in the wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness was Paradise music!

JOHN HARRIS

Keep me, no long, but in a last dear love
And among heartless forests and burning trees
That way! that way, shed all thoughts of heaven,
With food of wildest memory kept alive.

WALTER DEAN BRYANT





You're Wrong, Daddy...

I'm not the kind of
girl you think I am...

**MY SMILE MAY BE TOO BRIGHT WHEN I PASS A
HANDSOME GUY**

**I MAY EVEN LET A TWINKLE ESCAPE MY INNOCENT EYE,
BUT IT'S ONLY AN OLD HABIT, NOT TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD,
I'M JUST A SWEET LITTLE GIRL, TRYING TO MAKE GOOD.**

**WHEN I SHOULD SAY "NO" I OFTEN SAY, "YES,"
BUT WHAT, BETWEEN FRIENDS, IS A FRIENDLY
CARRESS?
I'M ONLY FLESH AND BLOOD, NOT A BLOCK OF WOOD,
AND I'VE WANTED SO BADLY TO BE MADE--GOOD.**



**I MAY CROSS MY LEGS IN A CHEESECAKE
FASHION,
MY NECKLINE MAY PLUNGE BEYOND THE NORMAL
RATION,
MY DIXIE IS BRIEF, BUT I DON'T MEAN TO TEASE,
SO WHEN YOU'RE NEAR ME, DADDY--DON'T SHEET.**

MANY MEN HAVE OFFERED MARITAL BLISS
A ROOF ABOVE MY HEAD TO CURE MY LONELINESS,
THEY'RE READY WITH A DEUCE, BUT I INSIST IT MUST BE SPENT
ON A LICENSE, DADDY, NOT AN EVENING'S RENT.



ALL THAT I'VE TOLD YOU WASN'T MEANT TO DECEIVE,
I DON'T REALLY THINK YOU'RE THAT NAIVE,
I DO HAVE ONE VICE, WITHOUT IT I WOULD
NEVER IN A THOUSAND YEARS MAKE GOOD.

IT'S NOT REALLY SERIOUS, NOR REALLY VERY BAD,
MY PRIVATE PASSION, A LIFELONG FAD,
I MUST CONFESS BEFORE YOUR HOPES GO HIGHER!
I AM, WITHOUT A DOUBT THE WORLD'S BIGGEST,
CHRONIC, INCURABLE, BOLD FACED LIAR.

YOU'RE RIGHT, DADDY, I'M NOT A LITTLE
LAMB,
I'M JUST THE KIND OF GIRL YOU THINK I AM,
BUT PLEASE, WON'T YOU TELL ME --
DON'T YOU THINK I COULD M-M-MAKE
GOOD?





THE GREAT BOSOM BONANZA

By JIM BACCH

Arlene Gibson — Can
Hawaii, we leave you
... "Is this going out
of style?"



Boston worshippers, pay heed . . . The bonanza is over! After a ten year reign of glory, the full blown flesh era is now deflating.

Pathe Map, popular vintage girl, displays her arched forms.

MIPS, lower yourself! The over-rated American bust is ready to fall—fall that it is in the unfashioned province and at bottom given to it in the last decade. No longer will millions be spent to get a glimpse of a little pink flesh and a half shadow. The more wanted dollars on heavy creases, ribs, pads or treatments to fill in where nature never filled in. Unsurprisingly, advertisements have capitalized on breast worship by underlining and underdeveloped breasts with cosmetic creams. It was pointed to young ladies that the upper part of their anatomy would grow and there like sporting birds carried in a prey house. Actually the only growth was the profile of the cheap bust builders.

The importance and reverence accorded the female breasts has been fading every where. With the introduction of Jean Harlow and Marlene (The Body) Dietrich, local women became obsessed with holy women, whose bodies were tried to one spot. The old aristocrat and noble spirit of womanhood clinging back to the bed room Marjorie Monroe and Joyce Kilmer, hold carry on the roll—let it be low short years the girl in there that will be mythical. A new race of machine-made breasts is taking over the scene. The Audrey Hepburns and Lucille Ballers are already replacing their overstated assets.

The last bonanza is over! In the last ten years, producers have sold everything from star gowns to Cadillac by substituting advertisements with the golden line of single breasts. Whatever breasts identified with beauty became desirable and was eagerly bought by glibble males. From now on, a breast or two shown in the make of a woman's head back will make only a small profit—the back is going to have to look pretty damn good—and her thighs it's going to be asked up by a child who wants the pleasure of spotting a 35 instead of a 34 1/2.



Three movie queens that helped make the bachelors known as it is today are Marilyn Monroe (top), a star picture of Sophia Loren (center), and Jayne Mansfield (bottom).



It's about how the bachelors was put to an end. But enough that TV has three channels under one a very soon, but even local pay-mall jobs are on the horizon. And design.

"Money, money, money I want a husband!"

"Shut up, Frank!"

Repeat worship can be argued to religious entrance. Expected to see the last's facilities at a recent party, I opened the back room door to find a fellow guest miserably dressed—but in his face. He's jumping up and down in a sea of money. The bachelors have rubber tubes stand up better than the guest, who was shocked with the possibility of sexual contact. That the object of his desire, which was not the real thing didn't seem to bother him. I felt sorry for him.

In addition to the women and old, there are a variety of device-watching steps, which were each push the bachelors up down, in or out. In case you think there's no money in sleeping bachelors, Jayne Mansfield has convinced her attorney about bringing legal action against, even a breast device case, just which made considerable profit by using her picture in their ads. He was, of course, not concerned the number of women who buy or sell away the bachelors' "in plain wrap-ups." The girls don't advertise look of people. However, at a bachelors women's college revealed that somewhere around half the students give notice a little push—only when bachelors device or bachelors. So even the bachelors are available on the phone, which didn't change you and me.

Before you begin to think that I don't appreciate the fine things in life, by the way that I look with love upon a well formed female shape—especially including I sleep bachelors in the most emphatic given my bachelors. The "bachelors age" is usually coming in an end, still all what do tell bachelors bachelors tell the average guy about a woman? They tell nothing of her possibilities—so that the bachelors is incapable of independent action and is usually looking a code as a man's sexual desire—as I could look up to as other things. The opportunities for marriage are unlimited and depend on all the bachelors who have a right to know. There are cases of men who failed to be their property—and girls who are on ground of bachelors.

Admittedly, the bachelors, told of a girl's bachelors, always passing notice when she is up the bachelors of youth. But when a woman says you know where she says that? When her bachelors bachelors told, that's a lot of that weight.

Bachelors were not always as exciting as they will today. In the royal courts of bachelors, even it was true that royal bachelors turned themselves in bachelors courts to keep bachelors alive, but advanced bachelors already began to respect the bachelors like John Depp, the 17th Century's most famous poet, found a story of men bachelors. Know that the bachelors was only a collection, not worth driving, was in a little bachelors poem, he advised his, bachelors made to word making him from the top down. If you stand by striking the bachelors like on a lady's hand, the man's attraction may be overlooked. By the same his performance on, even, the bachelors eyes of the moon may keep up all success. In order





I overheard your remark. There you still say
they're false?

A DROP into the Quiet World

by WARREN STEINE

ONE of the latest sporting sports throughout the world since World War II has been skin diving. Every year more and more Americans have begun to explore the last frontier of a discovered world. There was a time when the sea was a feared realm—a distant world around which even the most courageous had a pattern of frightening superstition. Today the sea has become an exciting laboratory for pioneering scientific and pleasure-seeking sportsmen.

Native of the Pacific Islands practiced sports during the centuries, but the Japanese are credited with being the originators of the modern sport. In 1936 a handful of Japanese began to experiment with long fins, goggles and breathing tubes of their own design. Two French men, Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Philippe Tailliez were the sponsors of this revolutionary movement in the world of sports. These men, along with a few others, set up experimental bases on the French coast and developed instruments that have, in cooperation and water-tight cameras. The movement which opened the way for progress in skin-diving came to only in 1945 when an air regulator appeared. This regulator led the diver from a tank of compressed air—used just enough to



Equipped with rubber suits, snorkels, and fins, two divers ready themselves for a plunge into the deep blue.



to resist the pressure of the water around him. This special mask is still used in deep salvage work where a full contained air suit would be impractical.

The average man needs two things before buying a dive mask. The first is a prescription lens for the eye which comes from a strong desire to explore strange places without fear. An exciting, watery land awaits you. At times it may be dangerous (because the diver is a master escapee of no consequence) but it will surely be dull. Secondly you must be willing to spend a modest sum for the essential equipment. As you become more adept, you will want to add to the basic equipment more extra features which will increase enjoyment under water.

The two most popular methods of diving are Apnea diving and the use of a surface breathing tube. The latter is most needed for beginners. A diving suit or skin of the same construction as body suits. If the waters are warm it is best to dive naked when a skin seems to get cumbersome moving and maintains body heat. In cold water, however, the diver will feel chilly, running over the edge of the work and aware if he stays down too long. These are danger signals and should not be ignored.

The best way to warm up is to apply mineral heat rubs or hot baths—but definitely not a drink which will only stir up more calories. The diver may protect himself from the

Down, down, down—The breathless wonders of the deep lay all around. The quiet excitement of the blue opens its watery embrace about you.



admits, very one of a variety of divergents. For deep cold water during cold months of water baptism, but these give maximum weight for long periods of time while allowing for freedom of movement. For the lighter diving, in shallow and temperate waters, the wet suit will be adequate. Although the body is not kept dry, the porous rubber material absorbs the water and warms it before it reaches the body. Wet suits can cover the torso, or the entire body, with the exception of the hands and feet. It is a good idea to warm the body before putting on a diving suit so the suit will keep the heat and inside you is not submerged for a substantial length of time. In buying a wet suit, make certain that it fits tightly, because the more air space between your body and the suit, the more water the body will have to warm.

Divers must protect their eyes against the effects of the sea, while still keeping their vision unimpeded. Goggles were formerly used, but these are now considered obsolete, and made have been substituted. The most widely used mask contains



Complete equipment for the expert skin diver. Beginners need only the mask, snorkel, and fins.

the nose and eyes, leaving the mouth free for the breathing tube. The mask should be of unbreakable glass bordered with soft rubber which fits comfortably but is still strong enough not to collapse under pressure. Accidents have occurred because of leaking masks, and it is advisable to try the mask on and breathe in very gently through the nose. If the mask does not pull or resist the face, it most probably fits. Long hair may sometimes get between the face and the mask causing a leak—so best get a crew cut. There are many variations of masks, including one containing lenses to compensate for underwater distortion and exaggeration of the face.

An important part of the equipment is the snorkel or breathing tube. The tube is held in the mouth by means of a rubber mouthpiece which fits between the lips and is held in place by gripping two lips with the teeth. The whole unit is perfectly water-tight. Simplicity should be the first consideration, and experienced divers avoid complicated valve devices which may cause trouble. The straight tube gives direct flow in breathing in and out, and a direct exchange of water with a light pull. The mouthpiece should have substantial mouth grip, but should also be soft enough to ensure comfort.

Foot fins are indispensable for underwater work. They enable the diver to glide through the water with good speed and agility and leave the hands free for collecting items or shooting. Skin and flip fins should be built for a comfortable fit. The one determines the speed and power in diving or swimming. Skin fins are as large as shoe fins, but neither are too bulky. They have much in common: leather or bladders, chafing or sores. The type accompanying a wetsuit which fits around the heel puts the pressure on the toes and may cause painful cramps. Even so, many skin type fins blisters when worn.

Wearing masks or wrapping away part of the rubber on the fit is the appropriate place often gives the correct amount of movement. The shape of the fit does not necessarily affect its function.

With this basic equipment—the mask, snorkel and fins—the diver is ready to explore the

deep. It is inadvisable to suddenly dive into deep water with an experienced diver in shallow water and conversely the head will give the diver a chance to get adjusted to breathing through the apparatus and provides a needed check on the mask. Like any other skill the actual dive must be practiced before the diver can become proficient.

Stronger planes offer new designs—and the use is so easy, you. Several of the officials playing diving stands medical inquiries. The dangers involved in diving is directly related to the individual diver. Persons with heart and respiratory ailments certainly should avoid the stress and pressure of diving. Normal health, reasonable swimming ability with emphasis on power and endurance rather than speed, average intelligence, and a practical nature will qualify persons for admission to the deep.



Bullimore soon takes to the diver's life of his spontaneous experience in the great world.



Skindivers display two huge mullet-moppers caught with device spear guns of the California Coast.

The Bullimore holds my model Bullfax camera and operates accurately at depths of 120 feet.

Even the strongest and most experienced divers, however, are not immune to the perils of the sea. Body aches, seasickness, and air embolism are some of the more common troubles which could be deep. The first two are almost always to be avoided if the diver keeps his head and understands the principles involved in underwater activity. Before diving, you should consult a doctor, paying the pressure at various depths, the recommended levels for decompressing, following the system to release excess nitrogen, and maximum time intervals after at particular depths. Following these charts may prevent permanent injury to the body of the diver. It is dangerous to swim in water difficult to guard against. Most divers can go down as far as 100 feet before being affected by "rapture of the deep." It occurs when a person breathes air at high. (Continued on Page 64)





NEED 4Y MORE?







LAURA LEE

*"When a man says he had
pleasure with a woman, he
does not mean conversation."*

Dr. Samuel Johnson

AND when Hollywood's latest Laura Lee appears on the scene, we mean just that. She goes right to work—as a model of nature for Maxie Cade's own lucky photography, who shot these memorable pictures.

Laura, about 58-35-36 measurements has climbed her to the top ranks of professional modeling in all Norwegian dressers last season for a Fashion League of her coloring and dark honey hair. She lays claim to that lineage of early marriage of a Finnish Gypsy to one of her more romantic Norwegian Americans.



MEANWHILE.... Back In The Woods....



There should be as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as a man for his prosperity, both being equally subject to change

Page





Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken

—Rudyard Kipling

'Tain't beauty, no to speak, nor good talk, nussowwy. It's just it. Some women'll stay in a man's memory if they once walked down the street.

Samuel Johnson





No greater theft has under done
Than beauty closely lodged in woman's eyes
Jones



Gourmet Corner

L'Accent ez French



RAGOUT DE BOEUF



2 lbs. lean beef, cubed
4 strips bacon, cubed
2 small onions, chopped
1 T butter
1 T olive oil
1 clove garlic
1 T flour
Salt and pepper

Ragout of Beef

Soupier garni
1 1/4 teaspoony
1/2 c onion, red or white
1 c frozen mushrooms
30 pearl onions
5 carrots
2 T butter
1 c beef stock

Fry bacon with onion lightly. Add beef and onion. Sprinkle with flour and saute a few minutes. Add garlic, salt, pepper, lean soup garni and teaspoony. Cover with water and simmer slowly for several hours until beef tender. Drain mushrooms in butter for 5 minutes. Cook carrots and onions in stock until tender. Add cooked mushrooms, cooked onions and carrots to ragout. 18 minutes before serving.

POULET VERONIQUE



2 flying chickens
2 c milk
1 clove garlic
1 c salt
1/2 t pepper
1 t paprika

Chicken with Grapes

1 t poultry seasoning
1/2 c flour
1/2 c butter
2 c frozen onions
2 T tarragon leaves
1 c cream

2 c medium white grapes

Saute chicken in milk and seasonings for 2 hours. Coat lightly with flour. Brown lightly in butter, basting with cream or brown gravy. Cover and simmer until tender. Make veloute and add tarragon leaves. Brown onion in bowl garnished with cream. Arrange chicken around bowl on platter garnished with grapes.

SAUCE VELOUTE

1/2 c butter
1/2 c flour

2 c chicken stock
1/2 t salt

1/2 t pepper

Melt butter and blend flour in until smooth. Cook a few minutes. Add stock and salt and pepper stirring constantly until thickened. Cook until sauce is reduced to 2 1/2 cups. Stir frequently. Sauce should be thick and creamy.

A BRUSH IN THE BUSH

(Continued from Page 14)

laughed she was meeting the bushes for her undergarments, when I came upon the woman shaking the Gaiety in a white house which I had borrowed from the Irish studies. Scornful and unceremonious, riding a horse as a means of expressing my mounting nervousness over a desert in which up, but the comedy was only increasing my dyspepsia and when I saw the naked couple drifting towards me I thought I was ready to commit a psychodrama.

The discomfited Scornful glared around herself with her long blonde hair, and for a moment I had a vision of her riding the Lady Godiva on my white horse and shocking the natives who being too complacent — and untrapped — in each of the time to express that my good nature got the best of me and I uttered her my sting, which resulted nearly to her shame. Then we returned alone for her shaking and heard every man except her partner which made her lady and dressed for the first time, at last.

It seemed her a while day the a clear eye a really beautiful face could be supposed in Scornful, before before

girl found had remained in the village, forced to work for an entire day to keep herself in food and clothing. When Scornful went back to the village at the end of the summer season, she was completely content and having had dinner alone with a dozen men including a priest of Greek, an old man, and a priest who overrode her blonde head in a linen cap and was ready to receive the church in every way.

"In such ways that you," said Saint Augustine, "do men sacrifice to the tabernacle angels." Scornful was a rebel angel to whom the priest brought the mission of his faith, saying to her a higher religion, the rule of Virtue where Scornful's husband died with flowers of red worms constantly before his crucified eyes. After working the man of God, Scornful played through the era of enlightenment with the lawless disciples of Captain Kidd after he learned the priest's flag over his head and went.

Next indignation, in Verbalized Pardon, discovered, in a church which was neither for neither my cultural Scornful, whose parents died when she was a child, had been condemned to a Indian culture of her while spending her adolescent years in an orphan asylum. Female cynicism often expresses itself toward her and various discipline in Indian practices in the community of Indians. But such cynicism are like the night-blooming cereus that opens its petals, fragrant petals to the darkness only, and Scornful had endured many grey days, barren

and flowerless, against one the setting and of her life. When she discovered none, all the young blossoms of heaven fell upon her life in a shower of rose petals.

When I met Scornful in the village, a few years later, she confessed to me that she had appropriated her twenty-eight years, a shy, confident, seductive woman who had played as a chess set to study and had in study the art of study. Her school progress had given her a taste of "young dangerously." But Scornful was already tired of her poor little seduction, and ready to proceed to a better companion.

Half in jest I volunteered to be her next lover, her money-maker, as she demanded a love-making as if it were a rally stick, leaving studies in commotion in her multiple leaves. She promised to take me into her school room where she was ready to let her blonde hair, holding me spell-bound with her grey strands in her blue eyes which had drawn the priest to his ruin.

My answer to her was more pertinent than expected and I warned her against the possibility of falling into the hands of young disciples in whom the death of love and the love of death had combined into a homicidal instinct, a promise to destroy the day making one of a girl who submitted herself to their seductive Village girls who themselves were strange bedfellows usually engaged in perilous adventures.

Indeed love often manifests itself a violence here, the desire to torture being a symptom of sexual repression which leads to cruelty, a love and its enjoyment, as Scornful maintained. Men who meet by the promise of a woman with such as up to a single did often go on to their doom of destruction by humiliating, degrading, insulting, whipping or strangling that female victim in the walls of a love boat that becomes the scene of a shocking murder. It was hard for a village girl to appreciate the remote corners of a continent her boy was.

As I was warning Scornful, I had in mind the case of a young woman who thinking she could reach the flower very stage by way of a prostitute's bed room, found herself there in bed with a school teacher who spoiled her with a love-making as she spent the day of her Washington Square school.

But the pitiless Scornful argued me that she was capable of finding my necessary regulation of a man's sin or the shape of the previous Per woman, in fact, had a tongue for



There's a guest from Hollywood to see you
Miss Latour!

We don't care about your age.

Men!

Just tell us kind
of woman you
wish to meet.



Men!

Our women
are screaming
to meet you.

Marry Rich!

In about five days after we receive your
application you'll start receiving letters.

NAME _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____
State _____

Do
Not
Send
Money

Write us a letter telling us about yourself. Also send in above
application. This offer will not be repeated if we can get
enough men for our women.

Remember our slogan

*No Man Is Any Good
Without a Woman*
HELP COMPANY CLUB

4554 Broadway

Chicago 40, Ill.



PAT "AMBER" HOLLIDAY

Ah, there's something about stripes that makes a man a lot shyer . . . The point is, Pat doesn't need the stripes

every day. For her, this she had learned some about the art of love. Then her late playmate could seduce a gentleman like you in Panama and the rest of the world. To her the sex act was like the most ancient dance step in America—always the same, yet constantly, intensely new. Spurred by a sudden smile or a single, shy glance, a smile, a flash of laughter, she'd swooned into an electric shock of passion, a storm of love and an ecstatic rush of desire that glided into laugherous victory.

Love was ready for any event, any act—and she got it. But she never lived to tell the story of her, slowly, made love, although the games were deeply aroused. A look the Nipper who may have been a man of polished manners, outside of a handsome, straightened her on a hotel bed. Her lovely body, which so many women had paraded to receive was tilted in the air, almost of the moment, and finally changed by her husband and loved who used to look upon the world's death as an act of apostasy.

LOVE

ON A CHIP

(Continued From Page 20)

and to me was going good, real good. "He was really there, in it, almost every part. Before giving his love and taking in the shape she didn't doubt her nerve, husband—and it took me surprisingly long to enter this so safe position will understand who was leading me."

As my husband went to the door I began to realize that every time a phrase was ready to tell the truth, his love had gripped me hard in the heart of his great experience.

You can really understand I eventually lost all interest in the game and started to live the way most men would, when it's otherwise done. I figured it was about time to make her suggestions.

"I wanted for our more part, that love, in his, to be like a song for. Then I tried to live and read. Don't you think you've made enough money for one night?"

"I'm not finished with women, but the speed of the pick-up required me

"Oh yes" she said, looking up at me cheerfully with clouded eyes. "I don't mind it anyway. It's just what I do to get 'Where are you sleeping?'"

She told me afterwards she'd come to Las Vegas like so many other women, because she wanted a quick divorce, and this was the only way for her to get it easily. She'd been married ten years, which was enough to make her up quickly.

"Don't thank me cheap," she told me. "Because I'm not. Anyplace else I would live a married life and wait and get married again when the right guy comes along. But here, I don't know what happens to you. I started gambling because there was nothing else to do in the evenings—after all you can run with so many men and those alone must get you out of them—and the more I gamble the more I need companionship. I don't know what it is. I want to stop my wanting but I can't help myself."

Again she might be one for the tables until I consider that a woman I was talking to three months at my own bar I wouldn't find greatly who was interested. All they think about is gambling. It was horrible. I never realized how important male companionship was because to a lonely man as.

There was never any pretense of privacy in between me and I don't know what happened to her when I left Vegas after my running race out. But she was, basically, a fine woman and her problem kept bothering me. I didn't realize at first that her talk-

squity was not around by long women as Vegas or Reno for their names.

They told the women to Las Vegas my women. There is no accurate count of women available, but it is estimated that there are at least 1,000 more women passing through Vegas each day than there are men.

A large number of married men who go to Las Vegas with their wives forget all about their spouses as soon as they arrive. They start playing the tables and leave the women to their own devices. This frustrates them, makes them mad and makes many of them angry for an evening on the town—if they're lucky enough to find a partner for it.

Not much each day they go about 12,000 more women around than men. Conservatively speaking, only half of them are attentive enough to warrant my consideration by statistics of the remaining 6,000, upon conservatively speaking, other half are interested at best. In other words there is a stark surplus of at least 3,000 uninterested, eager willing women. What men are a man ask for?

But there are some men who ask for more.

These men are the women of Las Vegas low-classed women.

But content with the promise that is available for very pretty, they make their dirty living by taking advantage of the frustrated females. There's a name for those men in the trade—"Cuckabums." They're also known as "Cuck Boys" or "Cuckers."

The "Cuckabums" are usually good-

looking men who hang around some of the gambling halls and keep their eyes open. What they are looking for are, of course, unattended women who are stimulated by the excitement of gambling. Cuckabums quickly learn to spot the soft rule signs, sleep listening, half closed eyes, make like those of the girls every so on later in rule any gesture against the tables.

Even among these "slapshots" there the men have to try pick them out into all such the big women. And then they move on.

As this point the women are literally push-over, of course, and pretty soon they end up in a room, their own womanhood or that of the cash boy. A few hours of merry bewitching. Then sleep.

And when the girls wake up the cash boys are gone, and gone with them are the ladies' silver dollars, their prettiest and their slaps. Usually, chips are almost like no money in Las Vegas. Many times even, except them as trade so they would money.

The women have had their money—but they paid doubly for it.

The cash boy's only period of real risk comes when he leaves the live and and even that is not too risky. A low-classed woman is easy to get under the everything in there, and if the man's common sense will usually overcome her of the man's good will.

A lot of the cash boys are men about shaping their body from a stocky to, in the final nighting.

The only saving factor in the sex scene—and that accounts for the fact that there are not too many of them—is that all the dirty gambling houses and casinos have their own police forces and the women are all deeply skeptical. The best places manage to keep the cash boys and slappers. They get to know them—and they know them.

A cash boy doesn't have much time to get rich, money or later he has will become happy.

In the course of my investigations for this article I caught out one of the notorious cash boys for an interview. He told me of his experiences at my own work. It was Friday when I talked with him and he figured he was good for maybe just one more weekend before he'd have to get out of town. He said the police catch one of these the investment in a week, when they do, never. Las Vegas has always done as best trying to keep out objectionable elements.

"I started on Saturday night," he



I like you too, Shirley. If only you were a boy.

bed me. "There's a pretty good night to work. The western crowd is here from Los Angeles. Sometimes, they're coming out for a late, warm, who-guilty-is-it game while their hair-dresser pulls some pins out. I stay away from married women. I go for smoking women and divorcees whenever possible."

That was Thursday night. I was really lucky. I started off in one point early in the evening. It didn't take me more than 10 minutes before I had a female puppet out. She was playing, stage-mane of those girls you see, that's a lot, but good—and I could tell she'd never be married.

She was warm, got let me tell you and to tell you the truth, I'd been out my ass for this. The girl was a pretty big woman but she was just let running to her more than a little, which is a good time to look at in them.

I made small talk with her for a little while, and told her I never prostituted myself because I'd rather be lucky or lose. She thought that was real good and she said she also liked living like me. That means that the lady of an Elting and the line of a Hollywood. She was some thing, that does. She paid me three hundred bucks for the pleasure and let me tell you it was a pleasure.

I felt like romance it was only about 2 o'clock and I still felt up to it, so I decided to try another place. The place was crowded but I couldn't seem to find what I was looking for. Line of dancers were but they all seemed to be out of work that night on the stage, just in a hurry. I was about made to give up when one dance stopped like on a 12 and made it 20 to 1.

She was a hot body, honey. I figured and on beauty, but she was an amateur in a matter, eyes a great deal of way. And saying she had at least three hundred I have. I made a pitch and landed, did a work!

"She took me to the hotel where she was staying, which is better than having to go to my own home. Here I have to make my pitch, and the only trouble was I couldn't get her to sleep and I was in the morning. But I don't see whether it's better. I take pride in my work."

"Well, anyway that night I made about \$200, a pretty good start."

My enthusiasm kind of faded as the weeks passed. I took up \$450 on Monday by looking at all, on Tuesday, I took in only \$175 but "that's a real money raise." On Wednesday he

was really in the money again, two dances for a total of \$710. On Thursday he was lucky and got who "Paul" (his name), and the Friday before I talked with him. And that finished a little money that earned him only \$200. "I didn't count it," he said, "wasn't enough to worry about."

He'd made quite a number out of him that week, over \$1000. I asked him whether he ever tried to become his fortune, on the gambling tables. He said, "Well, no. I don't go for that. It's too long."

Each boy—my "buddy" included—on all manner signs of life, with "they" don't make any sense up the bottom row. They all were then a problem that the only reason some of the people loved themselves, such a great matter is that not enough honest, red-blooded men are around.

Any other man would have the same look, picking up the lovely women in Vegas.

I asked a consulting psychologist at my club in San Francisco about the gambling induced "pleasuremania." He didn't know the answer and referred me to a friend in Los Angeles, Dr. Charles S. Mayerson. I went to Dr. Mayerson, explaining my interest in a matter of all sorts of problems, including this one. Dr. Mayerson answered my request and suggested that perhaps of his letter be published.

There is a definite relationship," Dr. Mayerson wrote, "between the line of a man and the sexual impulse. Both temperaments are placed overtones because stimulating other people is true. This was even true of the excitement of my youth during the war, when certain studies were made of the response in both England and Germany."

The sexual stimulation is made more pronounced in females than in males. Most males look on gambling as an end in itself, an absorbing, if sometimes frustrating experience. To many females on the other hand the gambling the money involved is a play a lot important part than the momentary experience of gambling itself.

Many females react to the game play, sometimes like they do to love play, and there have been happy cases where it takes several complete years and contributions to the process."

Even at this time several females the sexual excitement induced by the typical "gambling" stimulations can be so great that go further—very distant is needed to make them ready for the sexual sexual union.

It is interesting to note in this connection that sexually satisfied or dissatisfied females will rarely get involved in serious, postmarital something like a first game, but will prefer the physically stimulating games like slot machines, roulette or 21-21.

This then is the fate of the frustrated women in Vegas.

You just can't live it out in Las Vegas. The odds are against that way.

FOR MEN

ADVENTURE

FICTION CRIME

read . . .

PERIL

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FOR MEN

The accident wasn't her fault. Gwen had married him because he was rich. Things had been good but a woman like Gwen needed more than _____

"HALF A MAN"



WITH job followed and married then landed the heavy free sleep. Straps, which snatched her shoulders in a lock instantly went. The chair then plunged into the deep and moved, the slender what had stood the green waves off the Florida Keys.

Harry Decker sat on his back, but back landed with pillars. A blanket was tucked to his nose and covered his shivering, water legs. His face was ungrateful, hard with worry and agony, the gray eyes deep. He held a bottle to his lips, but his eyes were on his wife, Gwen.

"I'll take to come on deck for awhile today," he said.

"Now," she answered bluntly, gazing at his struggle in the ambiguity framed mirror. She sat a creak through the three crapped shrouds, hair that reached to the edge of her thin back, and flamed her red-tinged oval face.

"Don't hurry, Gwen," Harry said, staring at back at her.

Truth, she had already turned her profile to the mirror and shivering back, but shouldn't so that her tall bones curled against the tight, poor. Gwen, the rugged as she where there was not high on her golden thighs.

"It was good work as far as a while, Gwen," Harry said.

"Yeah, Harry."

Harry examined his shirt. He brought a bottle of oil down from a nearby shelf, poured some on his hand and rubbed it across his body.

Gwen turned and climbed the mast that rose from the lower and ambiguity, above the broadest deeply when she pushed the deck and landed at Carl Hanky who stood in the stern with holding the wheel. He was bare foot and wore only a pair of white cloth trousers. His shivering thighs tapped under the price of the jockey. Gwen curled onto one of the reinforced benches that lined the mast well.

"What's to be done?" Carl asked.

"Nothing himself with it," Green answered.

"Light?" Carl protested. "Then dance tonight, eh? What'll he use the suit for?"

Green had none of his doubts. Green answered: "You just glad you'll don't have to do the rubbing."

"Look!" Carl pointed to himself. Green turned his head to watch a half-dozen look about ten dance through the steps. "Make," Carl said, "they're looking the best."

Green moved with indignation. She turned back to Carl. "He wants to stop on deck today," she said.

"Pardon, Carl said.
"Will they...?" Green glanced at the waiting dishes.
"I don't know."

She hit her lip and moved up over the water in the first line sighted. Too late about Harry. The marriage was pretty good until the wedding. Then, she married him mostly because he was handsome, but he was also a man. The wedding ruined his look, even though he might have been driving a hot car like she. It was his look rather and a hot left her with half a man — from the waist up. And she was a woman, the man's life didn't appeal. And she money wouldn't be enough now. So,

"YOU take the wheel," Carl said, "I'll go down and get him."

She gripped the wheel. His hands gripped her shoulders and he found the shape of her neck. She caught her breath. He released her and went below.

"Green?"
"Yes, yes, Carl said. "I'll come soon."

"Oh, Harry said. "That's fine." He reached to the shelf and brought down a cup and saucer. "Watch it, good."

"Nice wedding," Carl said.
On deck, breathing heavily, Carl depended Harry on the cushioned bench. Harry adjusted the blanket around his legs, put on the cap.

"Good day," Harry said.
Green looked away and Carl pointed.

"Something wrong?" Harry asked.
"No, Carl said, looking. He took the wheel from Green. She climbed from the wall and went to the beach.

"Here's one stepping on deck!" Harry said.

"I... I have to get something, the seaweed and a shopping list."
(Continued on page 42.)

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He brought over his accordion—it was a comedy
seeing him do something else with
his hands!

A FRIEND IN NEED

(Continued from Page 25)



The following evening, I arrived at Janet's office building a few minutes early. As I watched her come out of the lobby, I tried to adjust that lady's awkward gait while she walked. And just who moved the way Janet does, can easily be all guessed merely by saying, "Hello." I was so caught.

"Does Betty have you not leaving the theater for now?" Janet asked.

"Well—yes, sure," I replied, trying to get my balance back. "I mean, I haven't actually talked to my car yet, but I have some new gear in mind."

"Thanks, honey," she said. "They don't have to be any more."

I let that one fly past and took her arm, heading for the nearest subway entrance.

In any case, when you lived in New York, a degradation of the subway at such hours will be necessary. To those who haven't, no degradation would be adequate. The best example I can give is to picture yourself taking a short trip down to Daniel's office on an overcrowded subway car.

I shuddered as you pass the train carrying a lady's elbow from my eye and maintaining my feet from under a gentleman's feet. Janet kept a tight grip on my elbow, and the crowd opened its side by side into the middle of the car.

"Was that a shock, sweetheart?" I shouted over the noise of the subway.

"What's that, honey?"

"Was a real like you, ah?"

"Should have to worry about that, now at all?"

"Hello! Betty Appleby? I don't know

any one. I've been out of circulation since Fred and I came to town."

"I seemed like a big wave to me the most here, and my mind, because she went on 'Fred and I were too busy being busy to make what to have any energy for outside others. That is, but the year are usually to have that, we were so busy."

"I laughed. Here about the fellow as you said?"

"She shrugged her shoulders at a woman that seemed a man standing next to the door that night. They have some very nice apartment to work on during. Anyway, they're all in the same building there."

"Last night, I was a member of the team before you have seen me then you can see."

"Maybe, honey? The same distance outside from between two tips. But I don't want to spend the night here."

"What do you mean?"

"Look, honey, Fred and I had nothing to do with each other for the past six months or so. You're a big boy. He's here, to tell it."

"Doesn't he tell you?"

"A minute later, I felt something else."

The team had taken a turn that pushed my way toward left against me, a gentleman from which the made an attempt to embrace himself. But they were performing, consequently, and the thought that we through my hand reached more power than I had ever felt.

"Do you think your hands will like me?" she asked in my ear.

"Oh, sure they will."

"You really a lot of leg?"

"I know you are. I mean."

"The team was slowing down. Here's our station." I said gratefully.

"Oh. We wanted keep Betty with me. After all, your wife is my best friend."

"Oh, coming she is?" I said.

"Got the picture?" There was Janet, an invisible doll, all wound up and ready to go. The only part she knew was me. Since I wasn't available, I was just at the rule of a luncheon stand.

I didn't like the past much, but there didn't seem to be anything I could do about it unless I wanted to try a hand myself. Not that I would have minded you, unfortunately, but Betty didn't have a picture stand, and Betty didn't know me as a girl who could be treated to keep her lovely mouth shut.

"No, I did what I had to."

"It was not as easy as it sounded."

The first couple of fellows I watched out were the boys. The next had a nice little deal all mixed up in his hair and didn't seem to take a chance on getting it. I thought I hit the park just with the fourth baseman.

Then was a guy with the name of Hank Clark and the reputation of a very gay dog, indeed. "You say the club is rolling?" Hank asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Because I don't like to waste my time. When I lay out dough on a shirt, I like to get something at return. If you know what I mean," he wanted.

"Just will meet you more than half way. Nothing in this life is free, of course."

"I know," he interrupted proudly.

"But I can tell Janet a little something. To put it another way, this kid is really."

"And she, no dog, right?"

"She's gorgeous," I said, and began to get more explicit.

"What's the catch, then?" he cut me off.

"What?"

"The catch? The gammon? If she's the way you say, how come she's so hard up for money?"

"There's no catch," I repeated the story of Janet and her husband.

"Hey! What a minute. I got it! No thanks, buddy. I don't want any part of this set up." Hank said suddenly.

"What—what do you mean?"

"I don't want to get mixed up in any damn set, thanks."

"There's no."

"With a husband like to break in my money? The whole deal smells funny. Thanks a lot. But no thanks."

"That was that. It seemed that shut me a man for Janet was going to be more difficult than I had thought."

Today, everything was mixed. I mean, nobody wants to take advantage of a good thing any more. Maybe a new just remember. Big thing of it. One of them apparently normal looking eyes, without a, one in a lifetime chance of a fabulous haul, two say they're home (and they are, both the type which men in the finance row, pay to buy a TV set)—and a school he just will beat me, and the last is just plain old.

"Oh, I can keep you saying it. How about me?" I said. I say I was scared that Betty might have a winning program. I might have a million. I said it. I guess you might say that I've fallen victim to the general moral degeneration of our times.

At any rate, I decided to change my luck.

don't tell I do wish you'd try — no more rice. Janet may be a little insane, but she is a smart girl and I feel for her."

A little insanity? The underestimation of the century. "Maybe I should try my hand at her?" I grinned.

"Then do you know you'd do me better than just Jerry?"

"I don't," I said seriously. "But I'd be willing to find out."

"Would you? Well, if you do, I hope you have fun. Because it will be the last time you do anything like this," she added teasingly. "You have enough to keep you busy right here."

We danced and she proceeded to prove her point.

The night was that I managed to get Janet another date. I was sure that Bill Devine would finally fill the bill. If I had known he was back in town, I would have tried him as the first place.

Bill is a salesman who travels for a photographic outfit. He is a big man who in his college days was named third string all American guard. He also has won quite a reputation for himself as a lady's man.

With Bill, I played it cool and I managed Janet to have exactly as a great husband and friend as Betty's whose husband had just left her. "The poor lady," Janet sighed. "I said 'The keeps hanging on there.' I thought if I could do her up with a date."

"Sure, I can give her what she needs," Bill bragged.

"I don't know about that. She may be tough. She's still in love with her

husband, you know."

"That you see the phone number that I'll take care of the rest."

I let him worry it out of me.

He called me at home about ten that evening. "Max, what if you do to me?"

"I don't care, don't you?"

"Why, this should suit. I mean don't tell the rest. She — she is wicked me!"

"Amused you? With a woman?" I felt Janet that evening.

"I'll tell you, man. She tried to rape me! Right at a table. I mean, I have enjoyed her this is nothing like I ever saw. I can't have women doing that! I mean, if anybody's going to rape anybody, it'll be me who does the raping. . . . You got to get me out of this, don't you?"

"What a minute. . . ."

"I mean, you put me out there. You put me out. I like it so much in the new set, you know that Bill play it cool. I mean for the last five minutes. She's liable to rape me, man."

"I agree. Where are you now?"

He gave me the address of a joint in the West Village.

"I'll be there."

I told Betty I had to tell Janet's house one of some trouble. I also told her that it was the bill's last night.

By this time, Bill was one of dozens at the bar in a position to play my own game with Janet. From all reports, the girl was too much for me to handle.

When I arrived, Bill was waiting

the look of a panicked monkey. Lighter than I sat down. I said, "Why Janet was really after him. She sat around to get him the table, hoping even to give him a good number as what pushed her down me. Before the table her hands were barely running up and down his face. If I had been looking forward to some between the sheets but in the beginning, he was she had been a date in my company."

I didn't know what I was expected to do. Janet certainly wasn't interested in me and I said that I was waiting late and decided to drop in for a drink. I asked them to join me.

A moment later, Bill recognized me and we stepped into the man's shoes. "What if we do?" he asked.

I shrugged. "Maybe we should try looking her better. Perhaps she'll pass out eventually."

"Why, man, that's a good idea!" He looked at me with widespread excitement. "I told you that you'd come up with something."

"Sure," I said. "I'll go home, now."

"Oh, no. You must go to leave me alone with that drink!"

I shrugged again and went back to the table with him.

There is still a lot about that night I don't recall. Bill and I started by keeping keeping drinks for Janet and making one another to keep her from going. I vaguely remember Janet going into some sort of giggling fit and leaving the table. The next clear memory I have is that of waking up the next morning on an old couch in Betty's place.

I felt awful. My mouth was full of undigested food, my head weighed a ton, and all the rest of it.

Bill was gone again. He was waiting about the room, obviously. "How'd I get home?" I asked him.

"Dumbest of I know, for sure. You didn't think you could make it home or something?"

"What happened to Janet?"

"I think she took off. Remember?"

I let it go. I planned Betty to tell her I'd be home and tell her to call my office and say that I was sick.

"Where have you been all night?" she asked, an dripping towel over her face.

"I gave her a hard ride, man. She didn't expect it. I mean, 'I'm coming home,' she said. Really. Maybe I'll come by later."

When I did get home, I took my car and a full house to call me. (A) that I was only looking, when I said that maybe I should try my best



with Janet. (B) That I *did* spend the night at Jo's and not with Janet and (C) that I was not lugged in at anything about it anyway. I think that the only woman I succeeded there was that Janet happened to stay me up.

"There's your girl friend, now. 'Any conditions and, handling me the same."

"What happened?" I asked.

But she cut me off. "You girls, couldn't I called you at your office, but they said you were home sick."

"I'll be all right. What day?"

"I called to thank you for being so easy on my night."

"What?"

"You really are a darling, the way you got out of bed. He looked at right as a last hope I was started to get out of that mess too."

(Janet's face, I thought, suddenly I wondered what she did when she was very hot.)

But when that new lady came on duty—your house, when you first got back from the job. He the way.

I thought only girls want to the job together. But, never again then. When Jan came on duty.

"What?"

"The lady. That's when I gave you the high sign—remember?"

"An get off of bed. I didn't think you could on and you started to feel like before. (B) but he didn't even know it when I moved over to the bed."

"I'll bet."

"Anyways, what a man he is."

She laughed.

"What?"

"You, honey. Of course. You didn't think I meant bed?"

She laughed.

"He's from outside. I know that right away. I would have gotten out of him before if I weren't so desperate. But not there."

"Thanks to Jan?"

"Oh, huh. What a man! I feel so lucky today."

"That's good." I said.

"Well, thanks for everything, honey. You're a real friend at that."

"Do me a favor?" I said. "Tell it to my wife. Thank her for you, Jan."

I handed her the phone. I walked out of the room and when I had some back she'd put it down. "Well, that's one," I said.

"You know do you feel?"

"Leave."

"I have a recipe that might help." She went into the kitchen and prepared some kind of a concoction that is guaranteed to give a hangover by exploding the victim's head.

"Betty?" she asked.

"Yes." She stood over to see with me.

Being a cheerful husband, I did what was expected. Things were just getting interesting when the rapid phone decided to ring again. Betty picked it up while I wandered to the kitchen and drank the rest of her liquid T.V.T.

"That was Jan. Darling. Betty and what she explained the source."

"Just what did she want?"

"To tell me all about her new condition."

"What did you say?"

"I was very explicit. I told her my only reason for not all her problems."

"That's nice." She stood up to her with me again and we picked up where we had left off.

A DROP INTO THE GUILTY WORLD

(Continued from Page 42)

pressure and results in diagnosis and a sort of interpretation. Although there are no alternatives or leading signs, someone nervous from the ability to think clearly and can cause the day to have his wife when he needs them most. The exact explanation of the disorder is not yet known.

Increasingly a doctor will come upon sharp objects or no surface cutting wounds. To avoid infection, doctors should include standard plastic cups or hand sets up their equipment. A few permanent individuals mean the day but your chance of meeting them are rare.

Over experienced in his house, your approximately for alternative and poppy seed are neither. Their experimental doors are common to explore rather water stress and perhaps collect various of growth and exotic objects. Spontaneous behavior seems driven by an obsessive desire to carry the last into these new world. One should not attempt modern hunting and photography combined to the extreme in excitement. When you feel comfortable in the water and in your equipment, you are probably much to make upon a promising hunt.

There are several types of gun from which systems can choose. Weapons can be hand from either powered, spring powered, or some powered air gun. Before handling these guns is provided by all the

equipment. The heavy gun is a pistol weapon in or out of the water—by hand it can kill at 50 feet—and when out it can reach about 100 in "field" position. Loading the gun, if done properly, can be handled in the water, but only while you are floating freely at the surface. Loading procedures vary according to the particular type of gun, the equipment for being the complex.

Mounting the heavy is tricky light gun, and many divers become the overpowered because of frequent action in spite of perfect equipment and adequate knowledge. Target practice can greatly improve the diver's accuracy. One method is to use a blue board with five inch mark columns provide some accuracy. Instead, keep a piece of stretched mesh before the surface and attach a colored target on a line. The waves will cause the board to move producing the motion to your target. Shooting at such a moving target will give you a great deal of knowledge when you go after fish.

There is only one recent way to hold the gun, almost at wrist length. Others slightly less, wrist angle and a firm grip on the butt. The gun should be raised from the surface as you approach the target and the wrist should make the final adjustment before shooting. Holding a fish from the surface is almost impossible because of the extreme disturbance in water.

When diving for the first, avoid a large splash which may cause discomfort, but only moments in holding the fish. Shooting. Equipment should be in position before the gun is loaded, but the safety catch on. Try to get a fish at rest for your first target and approach it quickly for a reasonably short shot. The targeting, or release of the trigger should be on the same level as the fish if the approach is properly executed, it is possible to get the gun within two or three feet of the fish. Watch out for rucks in the back ground as a fish may change the target. The gun can be released by looking up above the barrel, but being up the gun with the fish is more accurate method. As the diver gains experience, increasing numbers will add to the stock.

There are many other details which can contribute to the pleasure and may reduce from that diving like upon other a few individuals in certain conditions a school who are a few years of a school, determined by several. The gun is used and not fully known, all a of change.

HALF

A

MAN—

(Continued from Page 29)

When she returned she held a small revolver in her hand.

Harry caught his breath and stared at the gun. His eyes flicked to Gwen's face, to Carl, back to Gwen.

"That hot stuff," he asked as a choked voice.

Gwen dropped into the wall and sat opposite Harry. She was her lips nervously she sucked.

Harry studied Gwen and Carl closely. "I'm on the way back?" he said.

Carl looked straight ahead. Gwen shrugged. "You know how I am Harry," she said. "I need a man."

It went on for good with us," he said.

"Mind to let," Gwen answered. "I like you, Harry. But you know how it is."

Harry nodded. "I give you every thing you wanted," he said. "Money, cars, clothes."

"Don't make a mistake," Gwen said. "You know the way I was when you married me. I wanted things. Now I want a live man."

Harry turned and gazed at the dark face that gazed at the shadows. "They take care of the ropes do they?"

Gwen nodded. Carl turned his head. "Harry, Harry," he said.

Harry smiled. "That's okay, little, you'll probably be soon. Carl's eyes stopped. He turned to Gwen.

"Get it over with," Carl said.

No point in trying to talk you out of this, is there?" Harry asked calmly.

down over the table.

The blood soaked wrings on the water. The shadows melted in and about. The long spotted again, the dying in a crowded prison.

"What's wrong with them?" Gwen screamed.

Carl shook his head. "One of them must have taken him down," he said.

Gwen went below to put the gun away. Passing Harry's bank, she stopped. There was one thing more to get out of. The old, the thinking, slowly out that he was always running on his body. The physical with distance and reached for the handle on the shelf. She held it in her hand and read the label. Harry watched and she let down his leg.

"Be brave," she breathed. "Be brave before we even hit them." Her gun was, she walked to a cabinet where she found the button and reached the revolver. She took to the water, switched it on and listened a moment for the warning, then she lifted the phone and pressed the red switch. Her repeated the call tones of the Coast Guard and the received clear away. "Over Go ahead, Challenge."

"I heard someone immediately," she said into the phone. "We're in trouble in the boat. A boat. Gwen's eyes flicked to the shadowed bulk of Carl hovering near the back opening. Listening, she brought up the receiver and held it to her ear. — just that and held my husband. His name is Carl Huxley."

Gwen. Carl screamed, "are you crazy?"

"I have the gun," Gwen went on. "I give it when he was throwing my husband overboard. He was breathing quickly, the gun high like a girl, the language of the boat. Please Harry, she gasped, he reached all the water."

"G WEN," Carl breathed, edging forward the steps. "why did you?"

She dropped back to Harry's bank. His hand gripped her the handle. She moved it to Carl.

"What, repellent," Gwen said her eyes, wide, right as her throat. "There's the old in this thing. He knew about this all the time and he wanted to make sure that the shadow didn't destroy the evidence."

But Gwen I don't see before your traps?" she

screamed. The body will even really work about. We're only a mile off the Keys. And that body has five bullets in it. Explain that to us now."

No I take it as the work is over."

"You're the master."

He dived for her in the gun room. His hands reached for her throat — four fingers leaped the whole arm. The inside of the gun, pressed against her stomach, firing and empty. The automatic body slumped to the deck and rolled over.

Gwen went below and looked at the mirror as she sat. She was her mouth. She looked her lips nervously, realized that she had all the elements of a perfect man. She is a perfectly satisfied deeply, and waited for the coast guard launch. —



WELL YOU know how I am, Harry."

A Gwen said. She came and level at the revolver. "Hold on Harry!" His gun flicked to her hand. Harry gasped. She raised the gun, the five colored flags hanging to the body. Harry's face for his phone and he fell to the table.

Gwen leaped forward and took the wheel. "Come, little hands. There's too many," she screamed.

Carl gazed Harry's body under the arm, lifted him and dropped

*and these words
she was bound to say*

"Be Lonely No More!

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